

The History of

Prin. Your money.
Poy. Villains.

*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poyne
set upon them, they all run away, and Falstaff
staffe after a blow or two, runnes away too,
leaving the booty behinde them.*

Pri. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse, the theeves
are scattered, and posselt with fear so strongly, that they dare
not meet each other, each take his fellow for an officer: away
good Ned, Falstaff sweats to death, and lards the lean earthen
he walks along: wert not for laughing, I should pittie him.

Poy. How the rogue roar'd!

Enter Hotspur solus, reading a letter,

*But for mine own part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be
there, in respect of the love I boar your house.*

He could be contented, why is he not then? in respect of the
love he bears our house: he shews in this, he loves his own
barn better then he loves our house. Let me see some more.

The purpose you undertake is dangerous.

Why, that's certain, tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to
drink; but I tell you (my lord fool) out of this nettle danger
we pluckt this flower safety.

*The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you named
uncertain, the time it self unsorted, and your whole plot too light,
for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.*

Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow
cowardly minde, and you lie: what a lack-brain is this? by the
Lord our plot is a good plot as ever was laid, our friend true
and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation,
an excellent plot, very good friends; what a frosty-spirited
rogue is this? why my L. of Yorke commends the plot, and the
generall course of the action. Zounds and I were now by this
rascal, I could brain him with his ladies fanne. Is there not my
father, my unkle, and my self, L. Edmond Mortimer, my L. of
Yorke, and Owen Glendower? Is there not besides the Dowager
have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of
the next moneth? and are they not some of them set forward
already? What a pagan rascall is this and Infidel? Ha, you shall
see now in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the
King,

Henry the Fourth.

King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide my
selfe, and goe to buffets, for moving such a dish of skim Milke
with so honourable an action. Hang him, let him tell the King,
we are prepared. I will set forward to night. *Enter his Lady.*
How now Kate, I must leave you within this two houres.

Lady. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?

For what offence have I this fortnight beene
A banisht woman from my Harries bed?

Tell me, sweete Lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomacke, pleasure, and thy golden sleepe?

Why dost thou bend thine eyes unto the earth,
And start so often when thou sitt alone?

Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheekes,
And given my treasures and my rights of thee,

To thicke-cy'd musing, and curst melancholy?

In my faint slumbers, I by thee watch,

And heard thee murmure tales of yron warres,

Speake tearmes of mannage to thy bounding Steed.

Cry courage to the field: And thou hast talkt

Of sallies, and retires, trenches, and tents,

Of Pallizadoes, frontiers, parapets,

Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,

Of prisoners ransome, and of souldiers slaine,

And all the current of a headdy fight.

Thy spirit within thee hath beene so at warre,

And thus hath so besturd thee in thy sleepe,

That beds of sweat have stood upon thy brow,

Like bubbles in a late disturbed streame,

And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,

Such as we see when men restraine their breath.

On some great sudden haste. O what portents are these?

Some heavy businesse hath my Lord in hand,

And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What ho, is Gilliams with the Packet gone?

Ser. He is my Lord, an houre agoe.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the Sheriffes?

Ser. One Horse, my Lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What Horse? a Roane, a crop-eare, is it not?

D

Ser.